Miss Ruth E. Springs
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254-11 Mar

Northern Messenger

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THE HIDE-OUT

By Humphrey Morgan

For the Messenger.

TOM CHALLONER raced up the beach to his tent, the water shining on his tanned body and dripping from his dark head. The early morning plunge in the little mountain lake had been chilling if invigorating, for Bonnet Lake in the Alberta foothills was fed by glacial streams.

"Hey, Dud," he shouted as he ducked under the flap, "hand me a towel and cut some of that bacon! My inwards are groaning for food."

Dudley Smythe, a lanky young fellow of perhaps twenty, glared at his friend, a warning finger on his lips. His head was ornamented by a pair of earphones and he was evidently deeply engrossed in a message through the ether. A moment later, however, he had switched off his short-wave receiver and discarded the head-set.

"A police bulletin from Thorgate," he announced as he pumped up the primus stove and lighted it; "a bank robbery yesterday — fifteen thousand dollars and a clean getaway."

"Thorgate! Why, that's your home-town," said Tom, pulling a brown sweater over his broad shoulders.

"Right," answered Dud. "Let's fly down after breakfast and have a look around."

His friend demurred.

"We're a pair of hard-worked college men beginning a well-earned vacation. We'd better keep out of trouble for a change."

"We'll be there in an hour—if the Mosquito doesn't fall to pieces in mid-air—and we can come back right off if there's no excitement in prospect."

"You old fire-eater!" grumbled Tom. "On second thought, my lad, I don't like your lack of respect for the Mosquito. We'll go."

The dew was scarcely off the grass when the two campers followed the winding path through the woods to the upland meadow which Challoner used as a landing field. Here the little silver biplane was tuned up and they were very soon droning smoothly above the rolling hills toward Thorgate.

About twenty miles from the town they flew over an especially thick stand of timber in the midst of which stood a tumble-down log house in a partly overgrown clearing. A rude trail led up to it from a road a couple of miles distant.

"Fly over that again," Dud shouted through his speaking-tube. "It would make a grand hide-out for a gang, wouldn't it?"

Tom banked slowly, circling lower and lower. The old house leered at them from the long shadow of the trees, its broken panes staring vacantly as they roared up again, heading eastward.

"Rum old place," Challoner commented.

"Somebody's been there lately," Smythe returned. "A car's been turning round in that weed-patch."

The two friends made a neat landing in the Fair-grounds at the edge of the town, then proceeded at a smart pace toward the home of Dud's people. As they neared the big, white house where Dr. Walter Smythe resided, the old milkman was just making his rounds on foot, pulling a little cart loaded with bottles behind him.

"Old Tony is geting pretty slow," Dud remarked as they watched him crossing the street ahead of them, "and he's often late, but Mother hates to—— Great guns!"

As one man the two raced forward just as a powerful car came hurtling madly down the quiet street to disappear in a cloud of dust. Behind it the crumpled figure of old Tony lay motionless in the ditch beside his overturned cart.

"Don't touch him," warned Challoner as Smythe bent to lift the slight body in his strong arms; "we might do him more harm than good. I'll get your father while you phone the police."

Dr. Smythe had hardly completed Tony's removal to a couch in his con-

"DON'T TOUCH HIM! I'LL GET YOUR FATHER WHILE YOU PHONE THE POLICE."

sulting-room when Corporal Macdonald was at the door, a stalwart, capable figure in his scarlet tunic and wide hat.

"Did you get the licence number?" was his first question when he had been told of the accident.

Tom shook his head. "Too much dust," he explained, "but the car was a big Buick, the very latest evidently."

"I got part of it," Dud contributed unexpectedly. "I think it was a British Columbia plate and the last three numbers were—406."

* * *

THE policeman made a hasty memo in his notebook then looked up as Dr. Smythe turned from his patient to wash his hands.

"What's the verdict, Doctor?" he enquired.

"Broken ribs and a slight concussion," was the grave answer, "besides extensive cuts and bruises. I can't tell what internal injuries may exist until we get him to the hospital. Call the ambulance, will you, Dud? Jove, I'd like to get my hands on the fellow who did this to old Tony!"

It wasn't until Corporal Maconald was leaving that Challoner recalled the old house in the clearing. Hurriedly he described its appearance and whereabouts. Macdonald was definitely interested.

"It's new to me," he acknowledged, "and I've been here nearly a year. Could I get there by car?"

"The trail looks pretty rough," said Tom, "though Dud, here, has the idea that a car or cars have been there recently. In the Mosquito, though——"

"What's the Mosquito?" Macdonald enquired sharply.

Smythe grinned at his friend.

"It's a wood-and-cotton contraption Tom calls a plane," he offered. "My guess is that he's going to offer you a ride up to the cabin and try to bring her down in a little glade about fifteen minutes' walk from your objective. You could be there in about half an hour—if you didn't break your necks!"

The Corporal looked enquiringly at Challoner.

"Dud read my thoughts exactly," the latter confessed, "if he did malign as fine a bit of craftsmanship as ever warmed a pilot's heart. Seriously, though, I should warn you that we may make a bad landing. That would necessitate quite a tramp out—if nothing worse."

Corporal Macdonald considered a moment, then tore a page from his notebook. "There's no time like the present," he said. "I certainly am keen to give that place a once-over. If your friend, Smythe, doesn't mind driving my car back uptown and leaving it in front of the R.C.M.P. offices, I'll send a note with him to Constable Jackson, my assistant. My idea is, Challoner, that if we are not back again in three hours at the outside, then Jackson and Smythe can come after us," He grinned. "That may save us the little stroll you mention."

* * *

THE sun was hot overhead as the tiny plane made a rough but otherwise uneventful landing a mile beyond the old house. As the woods were open and park-like save for occasional clumps of willow along a creek or a thicket of berry bushes, the two men made short work of the intervening distance and were soon approaching the ancient building from its sheltered side. In the full light of late morning it looked forlorn rather than sinister, with its sagging roof and rotting walls.

"I've probably brought you on a wild-goose chase," Tom grumbled in some embarrassment.

"If you belonged to the Force," remarked his companion, "you'd find ninety per cent of our activities could come in that category. We can't afford to leave anything to chance. By the way," he pointed to the crushed vegetation at their feet, "Smythe was right about that car-track. See, here's a patch of grease on the grass where an automobile has been standing."

"A fishing party, likely," said Tom. "That stream back there looked promising."

"Probably," agreed Macdonald.

The log wall facing them was blank save for a small square window in the second storey. Rounding the corner to the front of the buildnig, they tried the door, then looked at each other in surprise.

"It's locked!" Tom ejaculated.

From his pocket Macdonald took a bunch of keys.

"I may have something here to fit," he said," trying one after another without success. "It looks like a window for us!" Hardly had he spoken when the lock turned and the door swung open. They crossed the threshold, Macdonald locking the door once more behind them. "It smells of mice and mould," Challoner remarked, sniffing the air with distaste.

The lower floor was roughtly divided by a rickety stairway that rose steeply from an approximate centre then turned sharply to vanish into regions above. The room on the left was quite bare save for a big, stone fireplace at one end while along the side were two small windows. The second room was even more dimly lighted, but it boasted a stove in a fair state of repair, two bunks, a home-made table and a cupboard nailed against the wall.

"This place has been lived in," said Challoner.

The Corporal lifted the lid of the stove and stirred the ashes within, then he turned to his companion.

"I can tell you something more," he announced. "It was occupied only a few hours ago. The ashes are still warm! Of course," he added, "it's no crime to stop overnight in a deserted cabin, but why should any transient put a lock on his door—and use it? No, there's a story here if we could read it and now that we're on the spot, I propose to give the place a good overhauling. Challoner, you give that other room a close inspection while I turn this kitchen part inside out."

* * *

TOM surveyed the barn-like apartment with disfavor. It promised little. Once, perhaps, it had been a friendly place with brisk fires roaring up the big chimney, partly choked now with fallen stones.

He knelt down on the dusty hearth, turning his pocket flash on the dark aperture above. At arm's length over his head, the tumbled masonry had left a cavity roughly one foot by ten inches in size. Cautiously he thrust in his hand. A moment later he was on his feet with a shout.

Macdonald was beside him in a split second.

"Look there!" directed Challoner. "Put your hand in and tell me what you find."

The Corporal did so and drew forth a coarse sack. In it were rolls of bills of every denomination as well as silver and certain negotiable securities of considerable value.

"This," Macdonald announced impressively, "belongs to the Thorgate Bank! Your hunch was one hundred per cent, my dear chap."

Even as he spoke there was an ominous sound from without. Challoner sprang to a window.

"A car coming!" he cried, "and it isn't yours, Corporal! Let's get out of here."

"I fancy we're a little late," said Macdonald from behind him. "We'll take this bag along and beat it up those

(Please turn to Page 12.)

TWO MEN

That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Seeks it and does it;
This high man with a great thing to pursue
Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred's soon hit;
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses a unit.

That has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him!
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed,
Seeking, shall find him.

—*Browning.*

Courage on the Home Front

Instead of our usual Mothers' Day story we give this talk by a Canadian Mother, which was broadcast recently over the CBC.

By

LADY NANTON

of Winnipeg

Daughter of an early Manitoba family, wife of the late Sir Agustus Nanton whose name is linked prominently with the opening up of the West, and an indefatigable worker in the last war, Lady Nanton has lived through many phases of Canada's growth to nationhood. At the present time when the question of civilian morale and the war of nerves is so prominently to the fore, the vision and convictions of this well-known Canadian are of unusual timeliness.

I OFTEN think how privileged I have been to live my life in Canada during the tremendously interesting years of her change and development. I grew up with the West, arriving in Winnipeg as a little girl a year after the railway reached here. Vancouver was still the village of Granville and Calgary consisted of little more than one main street with clusters of wooden houses scattered on the wind-swept plains. Winnipeg was then still in its infancy, a vigorous prairie town of a few thousand people.

Pictures of the past! What times of sweeping change, change in the face of the country, in the very character of its people. Sometimes it wasn't without its violence. I vividly remember shortly after the Riel Rebellion being taken to see some of the loyal Indian chiefs. One of them was Poundmaker, a magnificent figure of a man in his splendid feathered headdress and gay blanket.

A Task for Women

THEY were days of building too; of building for the future. The house which my father built had the distinction of being the first private dwelling in Winnipeg with a stone foundation and an open fireplace. Some of you who are listening today will be recalling those times—the hard work, the sacrifice, the adventure of it all. None of us who went through it could help but care deeply for Canada. Her present strength, her future well-being lie close to our hearts. A great task faces us in which every man, woman and child has a part. However, it is to the women, particularly, that I speak today.

Ours is the home front. Few of us wil be called upon to cross the seas in the service of our country. It was to us that our beloved Queen addressed herself in a world broadcast last week: "Christian standards and values are being challenged at all points," Her Majesty said, "and a purely material conception of life offered in their place. It is for you to take up this challenge," she continued. "As individuals you can each do your part in witnessing to the eternal truth." Such was Her Majesty's call for each of us to seek again the sources of our strength and to return to moral and spiritual values as the foundation of our national life.

A Nation's Strength

I HAVE been thinking a great deal lately about the things that make our nation strong. A statesman recently put it this way: "A country rich in land, in trade and in tradition, but poor in faith, declines. A country rich in faith is rich in everything. Restore character to a nation and you restore strength. Restore faith and you restore greatness, for character is wealth and faith is power."

We know that business men invest in a country because they have confidence in its future, but when that confidence is lost, their investments are withdrawn. What happens to women when we lose our confidence and faith in the future? For we, of all people, invest in the future of the country because we mould the character of its future leaders. It is our privilege to do so. But what kind of mothers do we become when we are confused, have no enthusiasm for our children's development because the future is too frightening a thing to think about? We have to believe in the future because we are dealing with young life, which inevitably grows older, develops, and goes out to face the world.

The Spirit of Our Homes

THE things that can undermine our strength on the home front, that can weaken our every effort, are the intangible but evident things such as fear, worry and confusion, loss of faith in the present and in the future, the loosening of moral control. Many women today are haunted by a feeling of helplessness. We are apt to think that nothing we can do really counts. Yet every home in every village on the farthest stretches of the prairies, in the most crowded sections of the cities, is on the home front.

In every one of these homes is a woman. It is she who determines its spirit—the atmosphere in which the family lives. We can shape the thinking and temper the spirit of this country through what we say and do in our own homes.

Think of every home in your community a vital centre where faith and determination and the spirit of teamwork is born and cultivated and taken out into the world. We all know how much our husband's work is affected by our attitude before he leaves the house in the morning. Today, for instance, would there have been a spirit of confidence or of fear? Many women say that they have no head for business and can't understand politics. What we all can understand is human relationships and by building securely there, we can help to stabilize public life and restore confidence both in men and in affairs.

Meeting the Test of War

IN these days of trial we mothers are seeking something to ease the heartache of parting from our sons to bear the cost of war. I am one of a growing army of Canadian women upon whom the future will make special demands. My eldest son is now overseas with the Royal Canadian Air Force. For many of us, there will be separation, suspense and loss. Our strength will be determined by the way we meet these things.

It is a great testing time for mothers who are the centres of family life. We can either become nervous wrecks who demand that children tip-toe and husbands consider us first, or we can become a centre of power and comfort for all members of the family. Think of the fears that settle like a black cloud over our lives—fears for those we love, fear of the unknown, fear for what the future may have in store for us. The natural tendency is to stiffen under strain. Then the time comes when we break. Instead of stiffening, we need to learn to relax and to go to God for strength. Then we can face whatever the future holds without faltering.

News from the countries in the midst of conflict always stimulates and heartens me. I have recently heard from a mother who had just seen her son off

to the front. She writes: "As we turned from seeing him through the dock gates and saw battalion after battalion of Tommies marching through to embark, I seemed to see behind each man the shadowy figure of a woman. Such a woman was suffering just as I should have been but for God's help in my life. I felt that I had a special message for lonely mothers and wives, to show them how this time alone is just an opportunity to build up through a spirit of moral re-armament, a country fit for our men to come back to, and a peace that is permanent."

Unexpected Benefits

THERE is a cause for rejoicing rather than complaint in some of the seeming hardships that the war has brought. For one thing, it is bringing a return to a simple family life and an appreciation of many things we have missed in the rush of the present century. One of my daughters in England has written to me of a new note that came into the celebration of last Chrsitmas. She said that this year the usual holiday activities had been made largely impossible because of the black-outs, so that the family had been compelled to see what fun they could make for themselves at home. At first, she had dreaded the prospect until Christmas had actually come upon them and then it turned out to be one of the happiest in her memory. Depending upon each other, instead of an outside source of amusement, they made many new discoveries. We too, I am sure, are going to make many discoveries as national crisis draws us into closer understanding with each other.

Strengthen Moral Fibre

ONE of the by-products of war is a loosening of home ties and moral controls. We women can only reinforce the moral fibre of the nation by the moral firmness in our own lives. Our task is to keep the home ties firm, to have the power to give ourselves unselfishly to those nearest to us so that they remain true to their own highest principles. We are sure of the courage of our men on active service but that is not enough. It must be supported by the equal devotion of the men and women who remain at home and that will be largely inspired by the women. The quality of our lives will perhaps be the greatest factor in the morale of our nation and so in its whole future.

Today the morale of our fighting forces, abroad and at home, is largely in the hands of those women who, through their homes, mold the attitude

INSCRIPTIONS FOR A FRIEND'S HOUSE

The Door

The lintel low enough to shut out pomp and pride;
The threshold high enough to turn deceit aside;
The door-band strong enough from robbers to defend;
This door shall open at a touch to welcome every friend.

* * *

The Hearthstone

When the logs are burning free,
Then the fire is full of glee;
When each heart gives out its best,
Then the talk is full of zest:
Light your fire and never fear,
Life was made for love and cheer.

—Henry van Dyke.

of our men. How do the men of fighting age regard the question? A lad of 20 writes from Scotland: "You can't know what a wonderful thing it is for chaps in our position to have friends like this to work with these days—no sentimentality, no softness, or compromise. It is a sad thing to see what a liability soft relationships, either with a girl or with a family, are to chaps who have to go to war. I am certainly grateful that this family doesn't let you down." The words of this young soldier remind us that in the strength of the family lies the strength of our nation.

Direction in a Changing World

THIS is a changing world in spite of us. It is woman's task to determine which way it changes. What if the unrealized and unused force of the women in the home were mobilized and turned outwards to remake the world! This force that is in women is the moral backbone of the nation.

But this force must have direction and a purpose. A year ago this month, Madame Snellman of Helsinki, Finland was here in Canada. Her grandfather was one of the leaders in the establishment of Finnish independence. She has a great love for her people. She then little knew what lay ahead. Recently, she wrote from Helsinki: "The Moral forces are our support. Events have given now a deep ring of reality to the visions and slogans that came to us earlier, and they are making harder demands on us than we expected. Finland has been talked of as 'The Flame of the North'. Now this is a fact. God is working with our people and is bringing them to what we have dreamt of. We are dying so that you may live on. Do you know what you are living for?"

I feel that we in Canada must accept the challenge of this valiant Finnish woman. We must know what we are living for. We must have a purpose adequate for the present emergency.

On the home front there is a nation's soul at stake. Let us face facts. Most of us would do anything to make the Canada of our children fit for them. They will inherit from us not only material possessions but the kind of homes we make, our ability to work with other people, our courage or softness, our love of comfort or our desire to serve. Perhaps we have used up the spiritual capital that we inherited ourselves? Spiritual bankruptcy for any nation would be more terrible than material bankruptcy.

Now is Our Chance

THERE has been a complete upheaval of life in many countries. Women like you and me have lost all that has made their lives worth living. In the face of such terrific suffering and sacrifice, can we go on in our self-complacency—with a false sense of security because we are far removed from the actual conflict- Now is our chance to recreate for ourselves and for our children the way of true patriotism.

It has been said that Canada will become a more important part of the Empire than seemed likely only a few short years ago; that she is already the link between the old and the new world of Anglo-Saxon civilization; that she may conceivably become its heart. What of that heart? We have an unparalleled opportunity to demonstrate unity and harmony between our two great races. Homes, rich in faith, in self-forgetful service, are the price of our service to our country. The battle on the home front is being fought here and now. It is being fought each day in your heart and mine.

REMEMBER

A handshake's only a little thing,
But it means a great deal, you know
To a fellow who's sad or weary;
A fellow whose spirits are low.

A smile in itself is no great thing,
But the meaning behind it is deep;
And a smile does a lot to strengthen
When the roadway of Life is steep!

So remember a cheery handshake,
And a smile or a grin or two
Mean a lot to a pal in trouble;
Though little or nothing to you!

—W. J. W.

Jimmie Takes Charge

By E. D. Hooey

For the Messenger.

JIMMIE CONWAY was only twelve years of age when his father died, but he was strong and healthy, so confidently told his mother that he would take care of her and his two small sisters. Mrs. Conway knew this was impossible, nevertheless, it cheered her heart when Jimmie put his arms around her and told her this.

"I know that you would if you could, son, but you must not quit school for a good while yet, because if you get a good education you will be able to help me much better later on," said his mother in a decided tone. And he knew that when his mother spoke like that, she meant it.

"At any rate, I will get work in the evenings and on Saturdays," he said to himself, for he knew that his father's long illness had used up most of their savings. Jimmie soon learned that it was not as easy as he had thought to find work, but as he possessed lots of pluck and persistence, he finally secured work with John Methuen, an old bachelor, who lived at the Grange, a fine old house surrounded by trees, at the other side of the town from where Jimmie lived. Mr. Methuen was wealthy but eccentric, and he took a fancy to Jimmie when he told him that he must have work in order to help his mother. "You will perhaps not find me easy to work for, but I feel that I cannot refuse you, when you want to help your mother. I loved my mother so deeply that I like to see every other lad good to his mother." Looking at Jimmie, he continued, "Do you know anything about gardening?"

"Yes, Sir, I have always looked after our garden and it is a real good one. And I have looked after other people's lawns."

* * *

MR. Methuen smiled, as he said, "I keep a gardener most of the time, but you will find plenty to keep you busy. Your mother is right in making you keep at school until you get your education, but in the meantime, you may come for at least two hours each evening, and all day Saturday. If you do your work right, I will give you five dollars a week."

"Thank you so much, I will try and do your work right," answered Jimmie, as he raced off to tell his mother the good news.

"It is just wonderful," said his mother, when she heard about it, "but I feel badly to think that you will have to spend most of your spare time working."

"Shucks," answered Jimmie, "I will have some time to myself, when I am only hired for at least two hours each evening and on Saturday. I think it is awful decent of him to pay me five dollars a week."

"It certainly is, and I know that you will give him faithful service," said Mrs. Conway, as she gave Jimmie a loving smile.

"Well, you see, I want to take Dad's place as much as I possibly can," said Jimmie, as he threw back his shoulders in a manly way.

"Jimmie, we want you to help us fix our playhouse," called Susanna, Jimmie was very fond of his sisters, so he hastened to see what was wrong with the playhouse that he had built for them. Susanna was eight and Rosemary ten, and even though Jimmie loved to tease them, they both thought he was the best brother that any girls ever had.

* * *

AS MRS. CONWAY watched them, she shed a few tears, but they were tears of thankfulness, over the fact that her son was such comfort to her, now when she sorely needed comfort. The money that he would earn was greatly needed, for while her husband had left fifteen hundred dollars insurance, a goodly portion of this had gone to pay the doctor, and other expenses connected with his death. She was most anxious to keep the balance as a nest egg for a rainy day, or to help with the children's education. She was able to earn quite a bit by doing housework for some of her neighbors. The rent was the worst problem, but she could manage nicely now when Jimmie was working. Wiping away her tears, for she was determined to look happy for her children's sake, she hastened to make tomato soup and hot biscuit for their supper.

Jimmie liked his work, in spite of the fact that he could not help feeling rather badly when his chums kept urging him to join the baseball team. But he knew he could not find time for baseball if he worked for Mr. Methuen and kept up his studies, as well as trying to look after the home garden. They wouldn't have been able to have a garden only that Rosemary and Susanna, did a lot of weeding and other work, ever since Jimmie was employed by Mr. Methuen.

Mrs. Green, the housekeeper at the Grange, took a fancy to Jimmie from the first and never lost an opportunity of sending something nice home with him for his mother and the children. Noticing that Jimmie looked a bit doubtful about taking the dainties, she said, "You need not be afraid to take anything I give you, for while Mr. Methuen may be a bit sharp and peculiar about some things, he is very kind at heart, and told me to give anything we did not need to my sister's family as her husband was out of work. But he got a good job in the city so since they are gone and do not need it, you might just as well have them, for it is not right to see good food lost." Jimmie thanked her gratefully, for he was delighted to be able to bring home things that they all enjoyed.

* * *

WHEN AUTUMN came and the garden work was almost over for the season, Jimmie began to fear that his work would cease for the winter. However his fears were dispelled when Mr. Methuen told him that he could look after the furnace and shovel the snow, and do chores that Mrs. Green would find for him to do.

Mr. Methuen had a small greenhouse of which he was very fond, and which he took charge of largely himself. It was his pet hobby and he had some choice and rare plants. He spent many hours in the greenhouse, usually accompanied by Tim his big Persian cat.

Having decided that Jimmie might be useful he brought him into the greenhouse, and showed him many things that he could do there. Jimmie loved flowers so this pleased him greatly. Mr. Methuen gave him specific directions to see that the conservatory door was latched each night before he went home. Jimmie readily promised, and made it a rule to look at this door each night before he left.

The weather had been mild for a spell and suddnly turned very cold. That evening when he went to work, he found Mr. Methuen waiting for him with a very angry look on his face. "I thought I could trust you to see that the outside door of the greenhouse was latched every night before you left," he exclaimed.

"I looked at it last night just before I started for home, and it was latched," said Jimmie.

"Young man it is bad enough to make a mistake and allow some of my choicest flowers to get frozen, but it is worse to lie about it. Who would open the door, if you left it shut. Answer me that?"

"I do not know, but I remember seeing that it was latched."

Mr. Methuen shook his head as he said, "I thought I could trust you, but I guess all boys are alike. Here is your money, you are dismissed."

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Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

MAY 3, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun : Whoso offereth praise glorifieth Me. —Ps. 50:23.

Mon. : I will sing praise to the Lord God. —Jud. 5:3.

Tue. : That I may show forth all Thy praise.—Ps. 9:14.

Wed. : Praise is comely.—Ps. 147:1.

Thu. : He hath sent me . . to give . . the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.—Isa. 61:3.

Fri. : He predestinated us . . to the praise of the glory of His grace.—Eph. 1: 5, 6.

Sat. : His praise shall be continually in my mouth.—Ps. 34:1.

"Each one of us has it in him to become a mirror of the Eternal."

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.—Emerson.

Cultivate not only the cornfields of your mind, but the pleasure-grounds also.—Whately.

Good temper is like a sunny day; it sheds its brightness upon everything.—Dr. Johnson.

Whatever good we demand in others, should be found in us.

Happiness

"Phillips Brooks was right when he said that 'preaching is truth mediated through personality.' There is a great verse that preachers should have before them: In Him was *life* and the *life* was the light of men. There must be life in the preacher, a life of experience and vitality and that kind of a life will always be a light to men, guiding them to the truth. The life of the preacher is the most important part of preaching."—F. W. Norwood.

The Right Way

GOD'S purpose concerning us is that we should be happy—happy as the bees and butterflies flying from flower to flower. The flowers are happy in thir way, the birds are happy in theirs, the trees are happy in their way, and the lambs in theirs. And why should not we be happy; the right way—the way of godliness!—General William Booth.

God's Care

How soon a smile of God can change the world!—Browning.

I do not believe that there is any happiness in the world, any real happiness, that does not find its root in a loving, simple trust in God as our Father and our Friend; one who is so strong that no need of our life can ever be greater than His capacity to help.—Robert E. Speer.

The Good Shepherd

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms.
Hark! how He calls the tender lambs
And folds them in His arms.
—P. Doddridge.

The Lord is My Shepherd

Wherever He may guide me
No want shall turn me back!
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.

The storm may beat upon me,
My heart may low be laid;
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

His wisdom ever waketh
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh
And I will walk with Him. —*Sel.*

Look not mournfully into the past—
it comes not back again!
Wisely improve the present — it is
thine!
Go forth to meet the shadowy future
Without fear and with a manly heart.
—Longfellow.

"HOW MUCH MORE!"

JUDGE God by the best in yourselves, is an axiom of Christian common sense. . . . Our Lord says, If ye earthly fathers being evil, know how to care much for your children, how much more the Heavenly Father! How much more! That is, He says, whatever of tenderness and love and good you find implanted in yourselves, believe it is a faint shadow of what in infinite degree is in the heart of your God. . . .

Surely God must be unutterably tender and self-sacrfiicing if the dim reflection of God in sinful humanity is so touchingly beautiful. . . .

It is the reflection of God. It is God's way of teaching. If we won't believe or pray or read the story of our Lord, even the worst of us may learn thus the tenderness of the Father's heart to all the world.—Archdeacon Paterson-Smyth (1914)

There is a divine purpose in your life which is yet to be fulfilled, a purpose linked unbreakably with what Christ has done and is doing for the healing of the wounds of the world and tne turning of its darkness into light. It is a purpose that cannot fail unless you betray it, and that you can never do if you keep your heart open to it and make it the shrine of eternal love.—C.E.N.

DO YOU RECOGNIZE GOD?

IT may be I shall learn to be more ready to meet Him, more swift to recognize Him, when next He shall choose to come to me. Best of all will it be, if I come to know, with ever deeper certainty, that He is with me all the time, whether I see Him or not, whether my heart burn within me, or lie cold and heavy in my breast. For did He not teach His friends of old, and did He not promise to them—and to me —*Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world?*

A Prayer

"Open my eyes, Lord, that I may see the Presence that is always with me. Warm my heart, that it may answer to the love that always encompasses me. Enlighten my mind, that I may understand the things Thou art ever seeking to teach me.

"Let me not again so soon forget the things I thought I had learned; let not the heart that has glowed with Thy love sink again into coldness and apathy; suffer me not again to think that I am alone when I cannot feel Thee near. Teach me, O living Saviour, as Thou didist teach these Thy friends of old, and make me sure of Thee as they were sure. Amen."—F. B. J.

Young People's Bible Reading

Habakkuk—On the Watch-tower

by BEREAN

For Sunday
MAY 12, 1940.
Habakkuk 1:12—2:4.

TO get the historic perspective for our study today we go back to the time when the people of Judah were in their own land.

The world was in a condition not unlike that in which it finds itself today. It was a time of unrest, of change, of clashes between great powers with small nations being dragged in on one side or the other.

Babylon or Chaldea which had been a vassal state of the Assyrian Empire revolted against its suzerain and its allies, the Medes and other peoples, laid siege to the capital, Nineveh.

Pharaoh-Necho of Egypt, hoping to take advantage of Assyria's difficulties and make himself master of the world marched north along the sea-coast of Palestine.

Josiah the fine young king of Judah, as a vassal of Assyria, with unwise chivalry tried to stop the Egyptians at the Pass of Megiddo. (Armageddon) He was defeated and slain, 608 B.C. (2 Kings 23:29, 30; 2 Chr. 35:20-27)

Nineveh fell the following year. You will find a prophecy against Nineveh in Zephaniah 2:13-15. The little book of Nahum is the prophet's triumphant shout over the destruction of the cruel Assyrian city and empire.

(If you are ever in London, England, go to the British Museum and see the wonderful statues and other relics of Nineveh. If they could speak, what stories would they tell us of the splendor of Nineveh and of its fall.)

A Prophet in Perplexity

TWO years after the fall of Nineveh, Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon met Pharaoh-Necho at Carchemish on the Euphrates. (Jer. 46:2-26). The Egyptians suffered a crushing defeat. Chaldea or Babylon was now the great Imperial power, though for a while Judah remained a vassal of Egypt.

The death of Josiah was a terrible blow to the faithful worshippers of God in Judah. Four weak and wicked kings followed. With the evil example of kings and nobles Judah declined morally and politically until the city was destroyed by the Chaldeans 586 B.C. The noble figure of Jeremiah stands out against this gloomy background.

Habakkuk was one of the young men who with Jeremiah set himself against the evils of the time and so tried to save his country. His date is probably about 600 B.C., that is 14 years before the fall of Jerusalem.

A safe stronghold our God is still,
A trusty shield and weapon;
He'll help us clear from all the ill
That hath us now o'ertaken.
The ancient prince of hell
Hath risen with purpose fell;
Strong mail of craft and power
He weareth in this hour;
On earth is not his fellow.

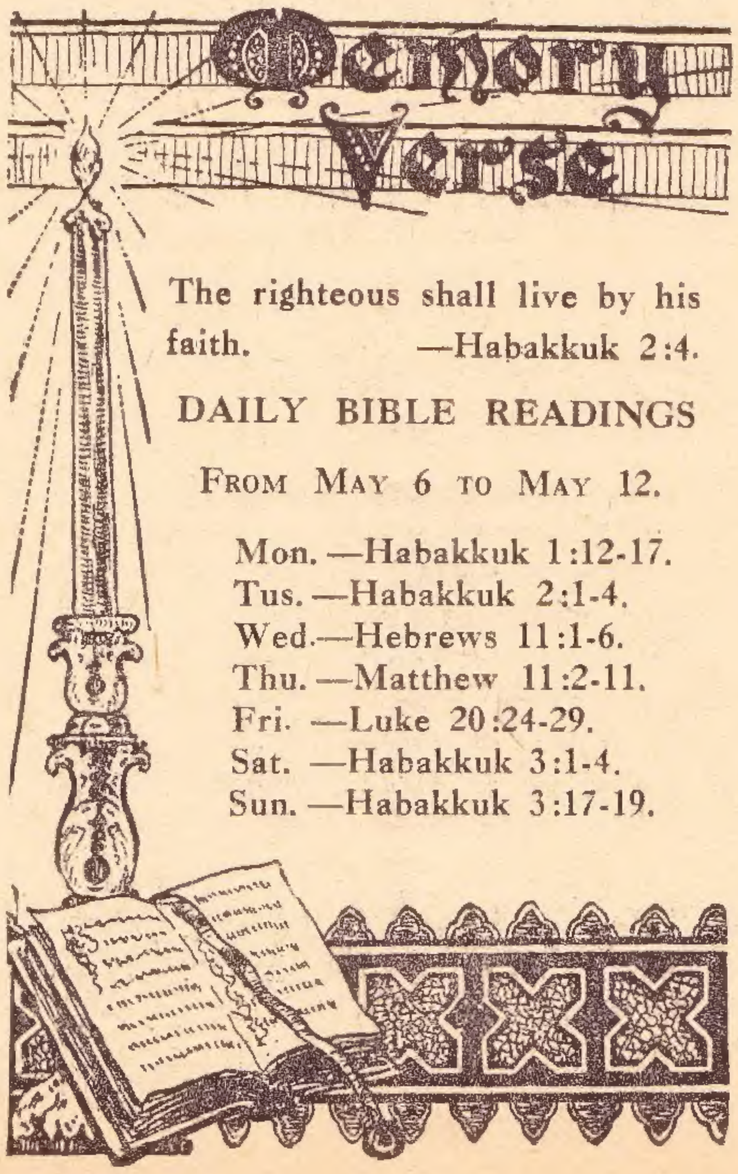
With force of arms we nothing can,
Full soon were we down-ridden;
But for us fights the proper Man,
Whom God Himself hath bidden,
Ask ye, Who is this same?
Christ Jesus is His Name,
The Lord Sabaoth's Son;
He and no other one
Shall conquer in the battle.

—Martin Luther.
Tr. Thomas Carlyle.

* * *

The conditions of conquest are easy. We have but to toil awhile, endure a while, believe always, and never turn back.—R. L. Stevenson.

In chapter 1:2 the word "cry", means "cry for help." The leaders of the people do not care about God or goodness, so the country is full of oppression, violence, lawlessness and injustice. "God the Holy One seems to look on quietly, and permit injustice and wrong to pass unpunished." (Driver)



The righteous shall live by his faith. —Habakkuk 2:4.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

From May 6 to May 12.

Mon. —Habakkuk 1:12-17.
Tus. —Habakkuk 2:1-4.
Wed.—Hebrews 11:1-6.
Thu. —Matthew 11:2-11.
Fri. —Luke 20:24-29.
Sat. —Habakkuk 3:1-4.
Sun. —Habakkuk 3:17-19.

Habakkuk can't understand it. Then he seems to get some light on his difficulty. These Chaldeans who are overwhelming the nations and who threaten Israel's border are sent to punish her evil doings.

"But a fresh difficulty now arises: granted that Israel deserves punishment, how can the righteous Ruler of the world employ as His ministers this proud, idolatrous nation which tramples down indiscriminately all men alike? Is this righteous judgment? (he asks) Is it not rather the triumph of violence on a larger scale?" (Driver)

A Prophet at Prayer

SO he prays, "Art not thou from everlasting, O Lord my God?" God has done so much for Israel all down her history, surely He the faithful and unchanging One will not cast her off.

The very question implies the answer. "We shall not die." God has appointed the Chaldeans to correct Israel, not to destroy her. (See Jer. 30:11)

"O mighty God"—(Heb. "O Rock") "A poetical title of God designating Him as the unchangable support or refuge of His people." (Driver) (See Deut. 32:4, 15, 18, 30; 2 Sam. 23:3; Psa. 18:2, 31, 46; Isa. 26:4. "Everlasting strength" literally "Rock of Ages".)

The prophet has painted a vivid picture of the march of the Chaldean armies. (vv. 6-11) Now as vividly (13-17) he sketches the Chaldean character and policy.

"Perverseness" rather "oppression" or "mischief." "Treacherously", that is "faithlessly." "The expression is used also in Isa. 21:2; 24:16; 33:1 of ruthless, barbarous plunderers." (Driver)

The man more righteous than he.—Men and nations less deserving of such a fate than the Chaldeans themselves.

Creeping things.—Small marine animals (see Psalm 104:25) The Chaldean king is like a gigantic fisherman. Some of his victims he captures with his "angle," his "hook", his crafty diplomacy. The greater part he "catches", he "sweeps along" with his drag-net, as if they were fish and aquatic creatures small and great.

He sacrificeth unto his net. (R.V.)—Note the prophet's biting sarcasm. Nabopolassar and Nebuchadnezzar the Chaldean kings had "gods", Marduk, Nebo, Shamash, etc., but their real faith was in their own might and military

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Practical Assistance to Church People Visiting N. Y. World's Fair

New York, April, 1940,—Many thousands of church families are expected to attend the 1940 New York World's Fair which opens on May 11th. Since Union Methodist Church, 229 West 48th Street, at Times Square, New York City, is within five minutes of the bus and railroad terminals, hotels and rooming houses, and Rockefeller Center, it will again conduct a bureau of practical assistance to church people visiting the World's Fair in 1940.

Expenses in visiting the World's Fair in New York City are lowered. Admission charges, hotel and rooming house rates, and the costs for food are reduced.

Union Methodist Church out of its experience of helping thousands of church people last summer has improved upon its services.

The church can give inside information about the character and rates of hotels and rooming houses and make the arrangements for guests to stay there. A number of private families who live adjacent to the Fair Grounds are listed with us. Information about trips around the city and also the great amusment centers is available.

To save anyone from being exploited Union Church, which is open twenty-four hours a day, gladly offers its service with an experienced staff.

Mail may be sent in care of the church. Persons will be met at railroad or bus terminals upon request. This service is free to church families. It is better to write in advance.

Kindly address your letters for information to Rev. O. Everett Wagner, Minister of the Union Methodist Church, 229 West 48th Street, New York City.

"Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," Mark 16:15.

"The next great task of humanity is not deliverance by the sword, but deliverance from the sword."

Gambling

IT is computed by the British Christian Social Council Committee on Gambling that in England alone last year a sum not less than $1,750,000,000 was spent. They say, "It is a sad commentary on our civilization that, in the present tragic state of the world, large numbers of the people should adopt Nero's traditional role. While the world burns, they are occupied with pools, pontoons, permutations, and pin tables. Employers everywhere complain legitimate business suffers, and national sport struggles with an incubus which threatens to transform our playing fields into corrupting casinos."

HABAKKUK—

(Continued from Page 7.)

strength—"whose might is his god." (v. 11 R.V.)

—heathen heart that puts its trust
In reeking tube and iron shard.
(Kipling)

Because his portion is fat.—"Because he has made a good haul."

Shall empty his net.—"And it is implied, go on casting and filling it again." (Driver) The prophet asks, Shall the Chaldean keep this up for ever?

Is not Habakkuk up-to-date? Don't we know of "fishermen" today who catch nations with their "hooks" and gather others into their drag-nets, conquerors "whose might is their god"?

THE PROPHET ON THE WATCH-TOWER?

WHAT did Habakkuk do about his problems? Can he help us to get light on ours?

I will stand upon my watch.—"The figure is that of a watchman mounting a high tower in order that he may see afar." (2 Sam. 18:24; 2 Kings 9:17) (Driver)

The prophet rises above his perplexities to God. From a tower one has a wider horizon. He can see farther. But aloft on the watch-tower of his fortress he doesn't lose touch with his fellows. He "looks forth," he "watches" earnestly for an answer for his people, as well as for himself.

A prophet is often pictured as a "watchman" a "sentinel," (Isa. 21:6-9; Jer. 6:17; Micah 3:4; Ezek. 3:17)

What He shall speak with me (or by me).

What I shall answer.—Better "What He shall answer."

And as to all honest hearts, sooner or later, the answer comes. The answer is not for the prophet alone. He is directed to write it because it is of permanent value.

On tables.—Tablets or placards. To placard it in plain writing so that "one may run in his reading", "may read it fluently without being hindered by any indistinctness in the writing." (Driver)

The answer is that tyrannies like that of the Chaldean are already defeated. There is that quality in them that drives them to a fall. The just man therefore, must have heart. He must trust in God who is over all and stand manfully by his principles.

The appointed time.—"There is an end or goal towards which it still *presseth*, and which, though it may be far distant, and the time of waiting may seem long, it still will not fail to reach. (Driver)

Presseth.—The prophecy is, as it were, personified, and represented as a runner pressing eagerly to his goal.

Though it tarry . . . it will not tarry. —A seeming contradiction till we see the words are "though it linger (Gen. 43:10) . . . it shall not be behind time. (2 Sam. 20:5)."

God's Word for all their craft and force
One moment will not linger
But spite of hell shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger. (Luther)

"His soul is puffed up, it is not upright in him: but the just shall live by his faith." (R.V.)

The Chaldean is swollen with pride and crooked in soul. But those very qualities are symptoms of faintness and feebleness which can only end in death. Only the just, the righteous, the "straight" man or nation can endure.

"The just shall live by faith." The phase is used in Rom. 1:17; Gal. 3:11; Heb. 10:38. It was Luther's watchword in the Reformation.

In the Old Testament the word primarily means steadiness, firmness. It is used in Ex. 17:12 of the hands of Moses. As a moral quality it is steadfastness, trustworthiness, faithfulness. (2 Kings 12:15)

The N.T. and O.T. meanings are not contradictory. "Faithfulness" can only be built on "faith", and "faith" that doesn't show itself in faithfulness is not faith at all.

"In the long march of history, the nations of men that trust in their power and resources and defy morality, are doomed, they do not live. It is the righteous that live, those who regard right and God. However much they suffer, and even when they seem to die they live; and they live by their faithfulness, i.e., by leaning firmly upon the God who lives for ever, and whose life is a guarantee of theirs. This is one of the profoundest utterances in the Old Testament." (Dummelow)

Truly Habakkuk writing 2,500 years ago has a word for us today.

QUESTIONS

1. Why was Habakkuk perplexed?
2. Why does he liken God to a Rock?
3. What does he mean when he says that God has established the Chaldean "for correction"?
4. How does he picture the King of Babylon?
5. What does he mean by "he sacrificeth to his net etc"?
6. What does he mean by "I will stand upon my watch etc"?
7. What is meant by "write it on tables"?
8. What is meant by "the just shall live by his faith"?

(For Answers Please See Page 12).

Points About Planets

SOME FACTS ABOUT MERCURY, VENUS, JUPITER, MARS AND OTHERS — PHENOMENA NO LONGER MYSTERIOUS

By Sir Frank Dyson, F.R.S.
(Late Astronomer-Royal)

A CENTURY ago it was customary to have two globes in schools. One of these was "Terrestrial", giving the continents, islands and seas on the Earth. The second was "Celestial" giving the constellations and stars in the sky. These globes are most instructive. For example, you learn at once how large the Pacific Ocean is.

The "Celestial" globe enables you to see where the Sun is at any time of the year, and approximately what time it rises and sets in any latitude. On the "Celestial" globe two circles are given called the Celestial Equator and the Ecliptic. The first of these is easily understood, being everywhere half-way between the North and South poles. Wherever you may be on the Earth it goes through the East and West points.

In London it reaches tis greatest height due South at an altitude of 38 degrees, got by subtracting the latitude (52 deg.) from 90 deg. At the Equator it passes through the Zenith. At Cape Town its highest point is 54 deg. due North.

The Ecliptic is more difficult to locate. It is the great circle in the sky along which the Sun travels in the course of the year. It crosses the Celestial Equator at the place where the Sun is in the sky on March 22, at an angle of 23½ deg., so that a quarter of the way round it is 23½ deg. North. half the way round it again cuts the Equator, then goes South another 23½ deg., and returns to its original starting point. It was so called because eclipses of the Sun and Moon always occur at points of this circle in the sky.

What the Zodiac Is

THE Ecliptic is, of course, the great circle cut on the sky by the plane in which the Earth moves round the Sun.

To find the Ecliptic in the sky is not easy unless you know a few of the bright stars through which it nearly passes — Aldebaran in Taurus, Castor and Pollux in Gemini, Regulus in Leo, Spica in Virgo and Antares in Scorpio are useful guides.

Associated with the Ecliptic is the Zodiac, a narrow belt 16 degrees wide with the Ecliptic in the middle. The old rhyme gives the constellations through which it passes—

"The Ram, the Bull, the Heavenly Twins
Next the Crab, the Lion shines
The Virgin and the Scales
The Scorpion, Archer and He Goat
The Man that bears the Watering Pot
The Fish with glittering Scales."

The Moon and the planets known to the old astronomers, never went out of this band. Every month, the Moon travels on a path inclined at 5 degrees to the Ecliptic and reaches 5 degrees North of it at one time and 5 degrees South a fortnight later. The points of intersection of the Moon's orbit move slowly round the Ecliptic in a Westerly direction in 19 years. In consequence the Moon in the course of 19 years will occupy all positions in the band of 5 degrees on either side of the Ecliptic.

It may happen that the Moon will cross the Ecliptic when it is new causing an eclipse of the Sun. Should this occur when the Moon is full, there will be an eclipse of the Moon.

There is no mystery about these phenomena now and they can be predicted to a few seconds. The eclipse of the Sun is an awe-inspiring spectacle and it is no wonder that people were frightened in old times. The Chinese supposed a dragon was eating the sun, and made propitiatory sacrifices.

Pericles Explains

THERE is a story that an eclipse occurred just as an Athenian fleet was leaving harbor. The pilot of the leading ship, thinking the eclipse an ill-omen, refused to proceed. Whereupon Pericles, the commander, threw his cloak over the pilot's head saying, "Is there anything wonderful about this?"

"No," said the pilot. "Well," said Pericles, "it is the same sort of thing: the Moon is hiding the Sun, just as my cloak is hiding me."

The planets which to the ancient astronomers were only bright stars, move in a very irregular way.

Mercury, which we do not often see in England, but can be readily seen in clear climates such as Egypt and S. Africa, never moves more than 28 degrees from the Sun. It can be seen after sunset as an evening star and in two months is seen before sunrise as a morning star.

Venus is sometimes seen in the evening and sometimes in the morning. The Greeks had two names for it— Phosphorus, the morning star, and Hesperus, the evening star. Pythagoras about 500 B.C. discovered that the morning and evening star were the same body. Venus is the brightest of all the planets and cannot be mistaken. Its greatest angular distance from the Sun is 45 degrees, so it can be seen for quite a long time after sunset or before sunrise.

The reason why Mercury and Venus seem to oscillate about the Sun is that their orbits or paths around the Sun are inside the orbit of the Earth.

Mars may be in any part of the sky, and is detected by his red color. He appears as a moderately bright star. Towards the end of the year he will be visible a few hours before sunrise in Virgo.

Jupiter next to Venus is the brightest of all the planets. He will be seen in Capricornus. This is low down in England, but high up in Southern latitudes.

Saturn will be easily seen in Pisces in October and November.

Stationary for a Day

THE apparent movements of the planets in the sky were a great puzzle to the ancient astronomers who believed the Sun moved round the Earth.

Mars, Jupiter and Saturn generally move through the sky from West to East, are then stationary for a few days, then move from East to West for a few months, are again stationary for a day or two and then resume their West to East motion.

They are very easily explained when we realize that the Earth as well as the planets move round the Sun in the same direction. Consider Jupiter for example. He moves in a circle five times as large as the Earth and takes 12 years to get round. The Earth will be between Jupiter and the Sun every 1 and 1-11th years.

He is then in opposition, and, at that time, nearest to us. Mars, which is much nearer the Earth is in opposition in two years and two months.

* * *

Next article: *More About the Planets.*

(Copyright, N. F. L.)

Fast Vegetables

Among the earliest vegetables to be sown in Canadian gardens will be peas, leaf lettuce, radish and spinach. These may be planted as soon as the ground is fit to work. All of the seeds should be sown at least three times at intervals of ten days so that there will be succession of vegetables. The second sowing will be carrots, beets, onions, potatoes, etc which can stand a little frost and then beans corn and tomato, cabbage and cauliflower plants, melons, cucumbers etc., which are tender.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZE WINNERS

IN THE

CHUMS' RIDDLE CONTEST

Our congratulations are extended to the following chums—

First—RETA PENNEY.
Second—MARION M. EYRE.
Third—PATRICIA B. GERMAN
Fourth—THEO-MARIE CORAY
Fifth—ROSE DIXON.
Sixth—LYDIA A. MAY.

* * *

Honorable Mention — Ella Riebel, Ont.; Arlice Ronalds, N.B.; Margaret Stevenson, Ont.; Marion G. Malcolm, Que.; Margaret I. Warner, N.S.; Dolly McLennan, N.S.; Eleanor Clarke, Ont.; Margaret Edwards, Que.; L. E. Merrifield, Ont.; Ivy Core, Ont.; Billy Core, Ont.; Betty Ball, Ont.

Our thanks go to all those who have shown their interest in the *Messenger* and particularly in the Chums' Page by throwing themselves into this Contest so heartily. We hope you have all enjoyed it as thoroughly as your letters seem to show.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

To Margaret Weldon from Ella Riebel

Dear Margaret,—I am glad that you answered my letter. We had a big snow storm the Friday and Saturday before Easter. How many sisters and brothers have you? I have two sisters. Inez is 14, Lois is 9. My favorite author is Christene Chaulander. I like reading very much. There are ten pupils in our school. I have the same teacher as I had when I started to school. I live on the shores of Lake Huron. We take our lunch to the lake in the summer time. I love swimming. For pets I have a dog named Collie, two cats named Bridget and Kitty Gray. Do you go to Sunday School? I go nearly every Sunday. I am five feet three inches tall. Do you live on a farm? I do. I like it better than in the city. We have cows, horses, pigs and sheep on the farm. I like the horses the best. We have five little lambs. The wolves killed a lot of our sheep. They are getting pretty thick. There wasn't much outdoor skating this year. There are many rabbits in our apple orchard this spring. I guess they found it hard to find food when the snow was so deep. Well as it is bedtime, so I will close. Good-bye for now.—Ella Riebel, Ont.

———: (O) :———

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to you. I go to Sunday School every Sunday. I am 10 years old My birthday is November 1. There are 38 in our school. Our teacher is Miss Card. We have 1 room. I have started to read Aunt Ruth's page and decided to write. The snow is nearly all off the ground. I have 2 brothers and 3 sisters. One of my brothers is married and two of my sisters. I can knit and sew. Our school belongs to the Junior Red Cross. We have meetings every two weeks. I enjoy reading Aunt Ruth's page. If there is a twin to me please write. My name is Winona Reynolds.

———: (O) :———

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—This is my first letter to your interesting page. I am a little girl eight years old. My birthday is on April 24th. I am in Grade V at school. I like my teacher, Miss Bolster, very much. I have a mile to walk to school. I have no brothers, but one sister, Phyllis, who is thirteen years of age. She receives the Messenger every week, and I enjoy reading the Chums' Letters and also the nice stories. My sister is going to High School this year and I miss her very much. She only gets home for the week ends. I would like some little girl to write to me through the Messenger. I would be glad to answer any of their letters. For pets I have two cats, and a little black and white terrier named Trixie.

I will have to close now to leave room for other Chums. Some little girl please write to me. Your new Chum, —Freda M. Campbell, Ont.

* *

This Week's Star Correspondent

PHYLLIS CAMPBELL

Honorable Mention

Ella Riebel

* *

———: (O) :———

Dear Grace (Hilborn): — It has been a long time since you have heard from me. I am sorry not to have written sooner, but after this I will try to answer more promptly.

We have some little lambs now, they are very cute when they are small.

I live twenty miles south of Ottawa, I was in to Ottawa last year to see the King and Queen. Did you see them? The town of Metcalfe is five miles from my place, and is where I go to High School. I go to the Presbyterian Church, which is three miles from my home.

My sister Freda goes to school every day. She has a mile to go to school and is in grade V.

We have lots of snow here. Have you much where you live?

I must close now, and please write to me soon, and I will try to answer quicker next time. Your Pen Pal.—Phyllis Campbell, Ont.

P.S. I hope Aunt Ruth and all the chums are well. I would like any of the chums to write to me. and I will try to answer all letters.—P. C.

———: (O) :———

To Elizabeth Moote from Isabella Jean Robertson

Dear Elizabeth,—It was such a surprise to see a letter and to hear of a girl exactly my own age. I think I was just as pleased as you were. I was very downhearted after I saw my letter in print, because the wrong girl's name had been printed. When I saw your letter it gave me a thrill.

Did you see the King and Queen? I am sorry to say I did not although I was very close to them. They were to have stopped at the station I was at but did not. I am sure you never did see such a disappointed crowd of people.

We had a school Christmas Concert this year. The half of this money went to our Junior Red Cross. We also had Christmas at our home and another concert at the Church. I do not believe I told you who our Sunday School Teacher was. Her name is Miss D. Strath. She also is organist in the church. Our Sunday School Superintendent is Mr. Anderson.

My School Teacher's name is Miss Russell. The last week we had another teacher who was under Miss Russell's direction. His name was Mr. Smith. Your Pen Pal,—Isabella Jean Robertson, Ontario.

A little lad was told by his mother that it was God who makes people good, replied, "Yes, I know it's God, but mothers help a lot."—E.D.H.

A Wonderful Idea

By MARION WATHEN FOX.

LITTLE Tom sat on the door-step of his home crying. His mother had given him five cents to buy an ice-cream cone and he had lost his money on his way to the shop and now when he had come home his mother was away. It was pretty bad to have a fellow's mother away when he was in such terrible trouble. So that's why Tom was crying.

But right when he was crying he heard someone calling him from the next yard. It was little Betty. She was younger than Tom—only three years of age, but Tom often played with her.

Between sobs, little Betty was saying "Oh——Tom——Tom! Come over—please, Tom. I've broked my doll—my dear, dear Dolly."

But Tom was thinking so much of his own trouble, losing his nickle and not getting the ice-cream that he loved so much, and his mother being away, that at first he paid no attention to Betty. But when she kept on crying harder and harder and it seemed as though her heart were nearly broken, at last he just had to listen, for he really was a kind little boy. So, down the steps he went—slowly, and wiping his eyes, while Betty was saying,

"Oh, dear Tom, please—*please,* come over and see if you can put my dolly together again.

Tom looked at the broken doll.

"No—I'm sorry, Betty,, but I can't mend it. But please don't cry. Likely your mother can fix it for you."

Then Tom had a wonderful idea. He felt in his pocket for his nice little red apple.

"Here Betty, you may have my apple," he said. "And—guess! I know a secret about the apple—honest, I do. It has a little star in its heart. And it keeps its baby seeds in it. The star is just the shape of the stars in the sky at night."

And Betty laughed. Then Tom took out his nice new knife, and cut the apple in two—cross-ways right through the middle, and sure enough, there was the five-pointed star with the seed-babies in them. Wasn't Betty surprised and pleased.

"Oh, Tom," she laughed, "Come on into our house and see if there is a star in the apples Sarah is making the pies from."

So, in they went, and sure enough, there were stars in them all.

"She feels terribly because she's broken her doll," whispered Tom to the maid. And then said aloud,

"Sarah, won't you let Betty make a wee little pie in a patty dish, all for herself—and cook it in the oven?"

"Certainly," answered Sarah.

So, Tom left Betty happily making the pie, and ran home. And as he went through the yard he was thinking,

"Queer—I forgot all my own 'sad' when I was trying to make Betty glad. I feel real happy now—but I sure wasn't when I went over there."

His mother was home, so right away, he told her all about it.

She said, "Well, well—isn't that lovely! I'm glad I have a little boy who tries to be kind to other children. You see, you've made me glad, too."

And when Tom's father came home and heard the story, he too was glad, and said, "You see, by being kind to Betty you've made five people glad—Betty, yourself, your mother, me, and the dear heavenly Father who is always watching over and loving little children."

JIMMIE TAKES CHARGE

(Continued from Page 5.)

JIMMIE'S temper rose, and he had trouble to keep his mouth shut, for he knew he was accused unjustly. He turned quickly and started for home, because he felt hot tears running down his cheeks. He wiped them away so that his mother would not see them. But the moment he entered his home his mother, said, "Why, son, what ever is wrong?"

"I have lost my job, and it is not my fault either. Mr. Methuen said I left the door of the greenhouse open, and I remember closing it before I left. If I get the chance I will pay him back for accusing me falsely."

"I am so sorry my boy, but you must try to be patient and forgiving. God has promised that no evil shall befall us, so if we put this thing that seems to be evil in His hands, He will bring good out of it."

"I wish that I could see it the way you do," answered Jimmie with a sigh.

He scarcely touched his supper, which was very unusual for him. Mother had whispered to Rosemary and Susanna, and told them what was wrong so they did not torment Jimmie by asking him questions.

A whole week passed and in spite of the fact that Jimmie spent every spare moment searching for work, he could not get any. Mrs. Conway tried her best to cheer him but the poor woman could not help feeling badly herself for Rosemary developed a severe cold, which made her so ill they were forced to have the doctor. After examining her he said, "It is the flu all right; you will have to keep her in bed and watch her temperature lest it gets too high. There is a lot of flu going around just now. Before Rosemary recovered, Susanna was ill; this prevented Mrs. Conway from going out to work, which made things worse.

* * *

TOWARD the close of the second week, Jimmie had about lost hope of getting any work, when a knock came at the door. He opened it and was amazed to see Mr. Methuen with his hand outstretched and a smile on his face. "Jimmie," he said, "I owe you an apology. I know now that I accused you wrongfully. I have discovered the culprit, and who do you think he is? None less than Tim. I would not have believed that any cat could unlatch a door, if I had not seen him do it myself. I hope that you will forgive a cranky old man for accusing you wrongfully."

Jimmie grasped the outstretched hand, as he said, "Of course I will, I am so glad you discovered that I did not do it."

"So am I, so am I, and I want you to report for work tomorrow. Here is your salary for the past two weeks," said Mr. Methuen, as he held out a ten dollar bll.

"I don't want it, I am only too glad to get back to work, I have tried and tried but was unable to get any."

"You must take it, and I want to do a lot more for you to help atone for my hastiness in judging you wrongfully. My housekeeper tells me that she would like to retire and go to live with her daughter, so she suggested that your mother might like to take her place. There is ample room for your family in the west wing where the housekeeper has her rooms. Of course she will stay until she has shown your mother how I like the work done. That is if your mother would like to take the position."

"I am so sorry she is not at home, for I know she will be happy to get it, for then we will not have to pay rent."

When Mrs. Conway heard the good news, she could scarcely find words to express her gratitude. "Think of living in that lovely home, and being able to work and yet be with my family. It seems almost too good to be true."

They were having a busy day making and boiling plum puddings.

"Mary," said the mistress, "just go and see if that large pudding is cooked. Stick a knife in it and see if it comes out clean."

In a few minutes Mary returned. "The knife came out wonderfully clean, ma'am," she said smiling, "so I've stuck all the knives in it instead of washing them."

THE HIDE-OUT

(Continued from Page 2.)

stairs. From the look of them I'd say they were seldom used."

It was a precarious climb into what was little more than a loft above, in the walls of which wide cracks opened to the weather. Sparrows nesting in the rafters chattered wildly and a pair of black hornets zoomed uncomfortably near. Loosening his revolver in its holster the policeman took up his station at the one small window that overlooked the trail, while Tom stood guard at the head of the stairs.

"Three men——" Macdonald told him under his breath—"two coming in—one staying with the car. I wonder if they might not be after something. Challoner, I wish you had a gun."

"Don't worry about me," said Tom between set teeth as he moved cautiously down several of the treacherous steps; "I can take care of myself."

The door below opened.

"We'd have been safe here for weeks," said a harsh voice, "if you hadn't been foolish enough to drive through Thorgate at seventy miles an hour this morning. Now the redcoats will be down our necks any hour. It's time we got out."

The other man's words were lost, but he sounded whiningly defensive. There was a scraping noise at the firelpace, a roar of wrath and fear, the quick exchange of words, then the tread of heavy feet on the stairs

Tom edged down a little further.

"Whoever you are," shouted the foremost man, "come down out of there or I'll blow your brains out!"

He reached the turn of the stairs.

At that instant Challoner's strong arm shot out in a terrific right to the jaw. Back went the bandit with a screech of surprise into the man behind him and down the two plunged in an avalanche of rotten wood to lie groaning on the floor below.

As Tom dropped to the room beneath from the remnant of the broken stairway, he heard the hum of a motor outside, the sharp bark of Macdonald's revolver — once—twice—three times — then his crisp command, "Come out of there! Drop that gun!"

Outside, Tom took in the situation at a glance. A few rods from the door stood a big car with bullet holes in two of its tires and another through its windshield. Beside it stood a sullen figure, hands in the air. It was then Tom realized the car carried a British Columbia licence-plate with the numbers 9—406!

The two men in the cabin proved to be not seriously hurt, and Macdonald and Challoner, after relieving them of all weapons, soon had them marching down the trail under cover of their guns.

"We'll meet Jackson and your chum before long," said Macdonald. "They're about due. I'd rather keep these men moving than hang around patching a tire."

"I'll walk all the way to Thorgate with pleasure," growled Challoner, "for the pure joy of taking it out of the yellow hide of the fellow who ran down old Tony!"

They had tramped on for nearly an hour before the police car met them and they were carried swiftly towards town.

It was almost dark when Tom and Dud reached their camp on Bonnet Lake once more.

"It's been quite a day," yawned Challoner as he rolled in between the blankets.

"But not a bad sort of day," Smythe supplemented, tinkering a bit at his short-wave apparatus, "now that we know Tony is going to come along nicely. Besides, that reward is going to be useful."

"Reward!" exclaimed his chum, sitting up abruptly.

"Certainly. You'll have a couple of hundred berries to line your pocket."

Challoner fell back, quite overcome, but revived in a moment and regarded his chum closely.

"How about sharing with Tony?" he inquired. "He's going to be in bed for some time; it's going to be pretty hard for him."

Dud grinned delightedly.

"Great minds think alike," he observed with satisfaction.

A man's vanity tells him what is honour, a man's conscience what is justice.—Landor.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience.—George Washington.

What is conscience? It is the guardian of the very best within us.—Rom Landau.

The greatest of all feelings is an utter forgetfulness of self.—Ruskin.

Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.—Shakespeare.

Hundreds would never have known want if they had not first known waste. —Spurgeon.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. Because he saw the Chaldeans conquering nations who were more worthy than themselves.
2. He means that God is strong and unchangeable.
3. He means that God is using the Chaldeans as an instrument to correct Israel.
4. As a fisherman, catching some nations with his hook and sweeping others into his net.
5. That he worships his military power.
6. That like a watchman on a tower the prophet will be able to get above confusion and see farther.
7. To "placard" it so that every one can read it.
8. The man or nation that trusts in God and endures faithfully will conquer in the end.

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Keep Your Wits Working

WHAT AM I?

SOME to the seas, some to the earth,
Are pleased to say I owe my birth;
Others are pleased to say to neither
I owe my shape—but to the weather.
Like weather-glass I often vary,
And seldom the same body carry.
Travelling you'll find I change my face,
Yet mostly keep the self-same place.
I'm often crossed, yet ne'er disturbed,
The same to beggar and to lord.
Thousands I nourish every day,
And, sad to tell, keep some for prey.

BIRD QUESTIONS

1. Of what bird did the poet say "Shall I call thee bird, or but a wandering voice?"
2. What bird is the symbol of divine love?
3. What bird may be said to possess "a good old-fashioned name?"

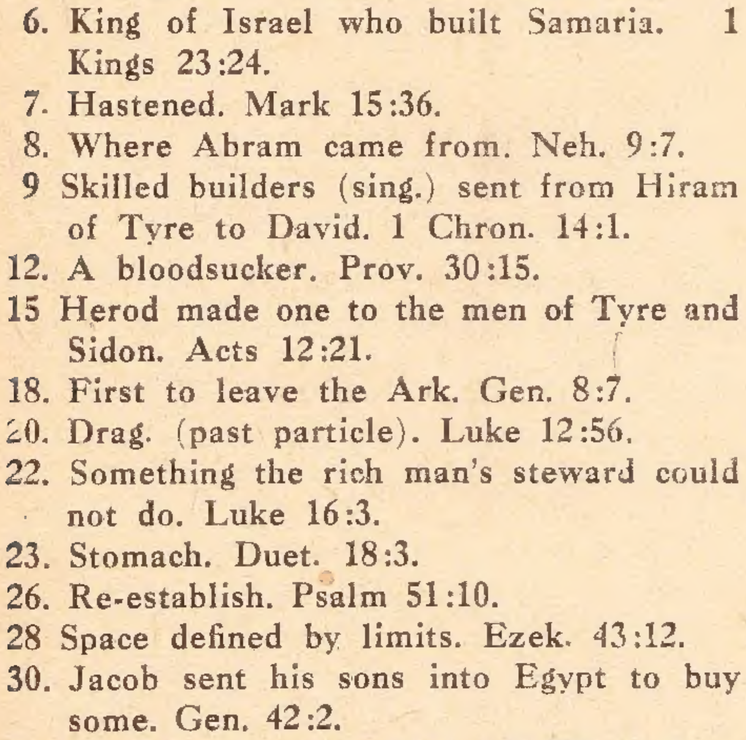
BIBLE CROSSWORD PUZZLE

Down

1. Battleground of the kings of the earth. Rev. 16:14-16.
2. Cannot separate us from the love of Christ. Rom. 8:35-37.
3. Psalm (abbr.)
4. Pronoun.
5. Descendant of Judah. 1 Chron. 2:31.
6. King of Israel who built Samaria. 1 Kings 23:24.
7. Hastened. Mark 15:36.
8. Where Abram came from. Neh. 9:7.
9. Skilled builders (sing.) sent from Hiram of Tyre to David. 1 Chron. 14:1.
12. A bloodsucker. Prov. 30:15.
15. Herod made one to the men of Tyre and Sidon. Acts 12:21.
18. First to leave the Ark. Gen. 8:7.
20. Drag. (past particle). Luke 12:56.
22. Something the rich man's steward could not do. Luke 16:3.
23. Stomach. Duet. 18:3.
26. Re-establish. Psalm 51:10.
28. Space defined by limits. Ezek. 43:12.
30. Jacob sent his sons into Egypt to buy some. Gen. 42:2.
31. Moab rendered to Ahab 100,000 of these animals. 2 Kings 3:4.
34. A black ornamental mineral.
35. Prefix a T and you have an adverb. Gen. 6:22.
36. Six.
40. Compass point.

Across

1. Where the brethren from Rome met Paul. Acts 28:15.
10. Built in Temple walls to support ends of beams. 1 Kings 6:6.
11. The Israelites camped here, but found bitter water. Ex. 15:23.
13. Mister (abbr.)
14. Clipped. Acts 18:18.
16. A king of Egypt. 2 Kings 17:4.
17. Even this cannot get between the close-fitting scales of Leviathan. Job 41:16.
19. Benjamin's grandson. 1 Chron. 7:6-7.
20. Mountain bordering north of the Promised Land. Num. 34:7.
21. A wise son makes his father feel this way. Prov. 10:1.
23. Belonging to a man. Luke 12:15.
24. Food. Ex. 12:39.
25. Sediment (sing.) Is. 51, 22.
27. Isaac dug more than one. Gen. 26:22.
29. Daniel spent a night in one. Dan. 6: 16-23.
30. A Hebrew measure of capacity. Ezek. 45:14.
32. "Elijah requested for himself that he might—" 1 Kings 19:4.
33. Joseph married the daughter of the priest of —. Gen. 41:45.
34. A prophet God sent to Nineveh. 2 Kings 14:25.
36. Myself. Matt. 25:40.
37. Not at any time. Heb. 13:5.
39. Used in Temple. 2 Chron. 5:13.
41. Testifieth. John 5:32.



"What is the highest form of animal life?" the teacher asked her class of small boys.

"The giraffe!" answered the worst boy in the class.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Jumbled Letters—Lisbon, Vienna, Marseilles, Madrid, Edinburgh, Lausanne, Athens, Brussels, Amsterdam, Florence, Lucerne, Copenhagen.

Riddles Old and New.—1. Absence of body. 2. Because one can always have a roll. 3. Because there is usually a spring underneath. 4. Because he is both patient and impatient. 5. Ashes. 6. Because they are grand, upright and square.

Gasps and Giggles

The lights had gone out in the bus and the tall man asked the young lady, who had got on at the last stop, if he could help her find a strap.

"I've already found one," she said.

"Then would you mind letting go of my necktie?"

The motorist stopped to ask his way from a tramp who was reclining on a grassy bank with his hands behind his head.

The tramp lazily indicated the required direction with a motion of his foot, his hands still pillowing his head.

"Well," exclaimed the motorist. "I'll give you a half a crown if you'll show me a lazier trick than that!"

"Just put it in my pocket," said the tramp, drowsily.

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A "DIFFERENT" DISH

Spicy Frankfurters

12 large frankfurters
1 medium onion, minced
2 tablespoons drippings
2 tablespoons vinegar
3 tablespoons brown sugar
1 cup catsup
3 tablespoons Worchestershire sauce
1 teaspoon mustard
½ cup chopped celery
½ cup water

Method: Melt the drippings and cook the onion in this until it is tender but not browned. Add all the remaining ingredients except the frankfurters simmer for about 30 minutes, until the sauce is thick and the flavors are well blended.

Heat the frankfurters . . . the large, plump ones, in boiling water until they are thoroughly heated through. Split them lengthwise and lay on a hot platter. Pour the sauce over them and serve garnished with sprigs of parsley.

You can heat them right in the sauce if you'd rather, but in that case add them before the sauce is thick and let them simmer along with it for about 15 minutes.

In Case There are Left-Overs

There probably won't be any left-overs, but if there are, you can make a nice casserole for lunch the next day by chopping the frankfurters in small pieces and adding them with any of the sauce that is left to a tin of red kidney beans. If there is plenty of the sauce, drain the beans first. If not, use enough of the liquid in the tin to keep the beans nice and moist. Turn into a casserole and bake in a moderate, 375-deg. F. oven for about 20 minutes, until the contents of the dish are well heated. Serve this with brown bread and butter sandwiches and lettuce and tomato salad.

It tastes so good that you may want to cook a few extra weiners to be sure to have enough to make the left-over dish. The sauce seasons the beans and even a couple of the weiners are enough to make it filling.

Simple Thrills

FRANCES DUNLAP HERON

THE three Arnold children burst in at the front door shouting excitedly.

"Mother, may we ride over to town with Mrs. Rogers to bring Mr. Rogers home from work?" asked Jean.

"Why, of course. But—" and Mrs. Arnold held up her hand for a moment's silence, "remember not to lean against the doors of the car."

"Yes, Mother," they answered in chorus. Then Jean, Jack and little Peggy dashed out of doors again.

"My! how excited they seem over a car ride!" remarked Mrs. Arnold's friend, Thelma Johnson, who had dropped in for a chat. "Car rides don't interest my offspring any more! In fact, it seems to me they don't get excited over anything, the way I did when I was young. Their sophistication worries me. How have you managed to keep yours so that they are thrilled over little things?"

"Well, George and I have tried to follow the rules that applied to you and me and him when we were children. There weren't radios and automobiles and regular trips to the city for us, so we became excited over an ice cream cone, while a trip to town to see the circus parade left us speechless."

"Those were the good old days! But how can you in 1940 keep Jean and Jack and Peggy satisfied with simple things? I've noticed they are always the happiest children in the neighborhood."

"Perhaps if we had more money it wouldn't be so easy. When Jean reached the age of four or five she began to notice that we didn't have an automobile or as nice furniture as some of the neighbors, and she expressed her dissatisfaction. I explained that the things that really made us happy were the little things, like kind words and stories at bedtime and Daddy coming home from work. And we would certainly rather have a sweet little brother and sister than an automobile. Jean agreed.

"So because we haven't an automobile, a ride into town with Mrs. Rogers is a big event. Once each summer we rent a car and drive out to the Forest Preserves for a picnic supper. That is always a memorable event, talked of and planned for weeks ahead. Also, once each summer we go to the zoo and buy our lunch on the grounds.

"We take the youngsters to very few movies, but two or three times a year we take them to those that are especially suitable for children.

"We try to plan most of our pleasures around our own family, for we want our children to associate enjoyment, stability and affection with their home life, both now and after they are grown. We believe they are going to need that feeling of security to uphold them in this changing world.

"One of our simplest forms of entertainment, but one they love, is for the

(Continued from Previous Column.)

whole family to go for a walk after supper. We study the new houses being built, examine flowers and trees and stop to chat with people in their front yards. The youngsters have learned a lot on those walks. In winter time we often pop corn and read stories aloud after supper.

Mrs. Johnson sighed. "And it's all as simple as that! I'm afraid my children have done so many exciting things that the edge is worn off their enthusiasm."

"It isn't too late to sharpen it," Mrs. Arnold suggested. "Give the family walks and the popcorn parties a trial, and see if your Harriet and Billy don't find them a delight. Children really like simple things if we give them a chance."

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th St., New York City.)

For Mother's Day

"IAN MACLAREN" said that it would bankrupt a man to attempt to repay the love of a good mother. Theodore L. Cuvler said, "When I was a student in Princeton, the chairman of the examining board requested all who had praying mothers to rise. Nearly a hundred and fifty leaped to their feet. There we stood, living witnesses to the power of a mother's prayers, and of her shaping influence and example. My own widowed mother was the best that God ever gave an only son. . . . If all mothers were like her, the 'church in the house' would be one of the best feeders of the church in the sanctuary."

A distinguished public man told how in his youth, he was entrusted with $22,000 to take to Cincinnati, by horseback. He rode for days, and then, one day, "there was a moment, a supreme and critical one, when the voice of the tempter penetrated my ear; it was when I reached the crown of those imperial hills that overlook the Ohio River, when approaching Lawrenceburg from the interior. What a gay spectacle it presented, flashing in the bright sunlight, covered with flat boats and gay-painted steamers. I had but to sell my horse and go aboard one of these with my treasure, and I was absolutely beyond reach of pursuit. The world was before me and I was in possession of a fortune for those early days. I recall the fact that this thought was a tenant in my mind for a moment, and for a moment only. Bless God, it found no hospitable lodgment any longer. And what, think you, were the associate thoughts that came to my rescue? Away over rivers and mountains, a thousand miles distant, in an humble farmhouse, on a bench an aged mother reading to her boy from the oracles of God."—E. D. Hooey.

———:(O):———

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, MAY 3, 1940.

CHRISTIANITY ATTACKED

"All our past proclaims our future;
Shakespeare's voice and Nelson's hand,
Milton's faith and Wordsworth's trust
In this our chosen, chainless land,
Bear us witness . . .
Come the world against her, England yet shall stand."

Quoting these words, Mr. Lawrence Hunt, a New York lawyer, brought to a close a fine address before the Canadian Club in Toronto. He said in part:

"The Nazi-Communist propagandists and their isolationist dupes are counting heavily on those little family spats and irritations which have enlivened the hundred and twenty-five years of peace in Anglo-American relations.

"It is true that most of us Americans of British ancestry do not loudly boast of our heritage. We have gladly shared our Anglo-Saxon traditions of equal justice and ordered liberty with many fine peoples who came from other lands eager to enjoy our spiritual inheritance and our economic opportunities.

"Those traditions are part of the very fabric of our nation. Magna Charta, the common law, the Bill of Rights, the King James Bible, Shakespeare and Dickens—they are the staples of our mental and spiritual life. When America's hour of decision is at hand, Magna Charta, not Mein Kampf, the King James Bible, not Karl Marx, will triumph.

"One of the most insidious and effective tricks of our Nazi-Communist and peace-at-any-price propagandists is to portray vividly the horrors of war and then tell us that if we simply submit we can have peace. That is, we can eat and sleep and do as we are told.

"True, we can not think or talk or worship or work as we please with a decent respect for our fellow man's right to do the same.' Even so, they say, life is worthwhile if there is any kind of peace. As a result, there are many people in America today who are rushing down that Gadarene hillside.

* * *

"The sober-minded people of America are gradually coming to realize that one of the chief objectives of the Nazi-Communist alliance is the destruction of the Christian religion. Hitler and Stalin have shown by their words and even more by their deeds that they have determined on a second crucifixion. . . .

Many of our religious leaders have already awakened to the Nazi-Communist peril to Christianity and to our need to 'gird up our loins for righteousness' sake.' A few months ago, thirty-three of the ablest and most honored leaders of the Protestant church bade us foreswear an unholy neutrality. From the Vatican have come words of flaming scorn for the godless deeds of Hitler's and Stalin's legions. Make no mistake about it. . .

* * *

"Our moral traditions, like yours, include not only religious faith, but also a basic belief in the freedom and dignity of the individual citizen. . . . what the Nazi-Communist propagandists forget is that we have fought for that belief in the past, we'll fight for it again, and we'll always fight for it so long as we remain free men.

This expresses the attitude of intelligent United States opinion, which may finally lead the Republic to range herself alongside the other great Democracies, Britain and France, in their struggle for the liberties of the world.

Canada is grateful to Mr. Hunt for his address in Toronto, and his subsequent address over the radio. He will earn still further gratitude as he continues his work of enlightenment among his countrymen and women of the United States.

STRENGTHEN OUR "SECOND LINE"

DR. ALAN BROWN, physician-in-chief of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, in an article in the *Canadian Public Health Journal* maintains that combatting undernourishment of children is "an immediate duty in Canada" and that as a war measure it is only second in importance to the fighting itself.

"Our children may be considered literally as our second line of defence. To let anything seriously interfere with their health and development is criminal neglect. In a few years from now it will be too late to repair the damage."

Dr. Brown believes that a serious condition already prevails, but he adds that additional cases can be prevented. He continues: "We are fighting to make the world safe for democracy. We must also fight to make our children fit to perpetuate this democracy when its safety shall have been attained."

He points out that most diseases of children are largely preventable, and says that diphtheria, smallpox, whooping cough are preventable through vaccination and active immunization, while measles may be modified and in some cases prevented.

He continues, however, that the most important conditions that have to be contended with are malnutrition and secondary anemias, which predispose the individual to all other diseases. Lack of knowledge of what constitutes proper nutrition is a factor involved.

The other great problem, he believes, is to make the protective foods, namely, milk, meat, eggs, vegetables and fruit, available to the poorer classes at a price at which they can afford to buy them. He adds: "There is no use trying to educate people to feed their children a pint to a pint and a half of milk a day, an egg a day, some meat, two vegetable beside potatoes, and some fruit, with cod liver oil in the winter months, unless the price of these foods is within reach of their purchasing power."

It is a truism that a nation's most valuable assets are a contented, happy, healthy people. But strange to say, like many truisms, it is not acted upon to anything like a logical degree.

Our relief "system" or lack of system keeps people from actually dying of starvation, but leaves thousands to die slowly of malnutrition.

It is not beyond the ability of economists and statesmen to end this state of things. They must set themselves to end it.

We are giving much thought and spending millions to win the war. This is quite right and necessary. But we must also give thought and treasure to the war within our own borders, the war against conditions such as are commented on by Dr. Brown.

A victory over the dictators of Europe would be a sadly incomplete thing if our own people were allowed to remain under the dictatorship of want and malnutrition.

Learning to Keep Their Socks in Shape

A JOB FOR BOYS

You've heard a great deal about the children all over Britain who have been evacuated from the big cities and sent to the country for the duration of the War. At Kennylands Camp, Reading, Eng., a new Government School Colony, 120 boys are continuing their general studies and learning a lot of other useful things too. For instance, the group above are being taught by the matron photographed with them how to master the art of darning socks. They can't be Boy Scouts, or they'd know all about darning already, wouldn't they?

Character is Destiny

One ship drives east, another drives
west
With the self-same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails,
And not the gales,
Which tell us the way they go.

Like the winds of the sea are the
ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
'Tis the act of a soul,
That decides its goal,
And not the calm or the strife.

—Waif.

Britain's Leaflet Campaign

THE GERMAN Government is evidently alarmed at the British campaign of dropping leaflets from the air over their cities. The people of Germany have been continually fed on lies about Britain and France aiming to destroy their Fatherland, and Hitler naturally objects to the truth being disseminated. All foreign papers are excluded from the country and no letter containing a line unwelcome to the authorities can enter the Reich.

But there is ample evidence that some at least of "the truth leafllets" are being read secretly by the Germans. They have to secrete the leaflets because spies are everywhere, and woe betide anyone found with a copy. The German authorities are also making desperate efforts to stop people hearing British or French broadcasts.

The Times says than an official of the Ministry of Justice is reported to have said that even foreign residents in Germany were liable to the death penalty for listening to foreign broadcasts—the truth is poison to the Nazi regime.

But the truth has a way of winning through, and there is hope that one day there will be an uprise against the Hitler regime when the people realise that we are opposed, not so much to the German people as to their present leaders.

Anti-Gossip Campaign

TO warn the public of the dangers of careless talk in war time, the Ministry of Information has launched a nation-wide anti-gossip campaign. About 2,500,000 posters have been distributed to local authorities, Government offices, banks, docks, barbers' shops, and hotels in England.

Well-known artists have helped in the production of the posters. Some of these depict Hitler, crouching under bus seats and on luggage racks, his ears glued to every telephone kiosk, his elbow on every bar counter. One warning about information on the positions of munitions, ships, troops, and planes has the slogan, "Keep it dark!"

To avoid the evil of idle gossip and check its tendency, wherever we may happen to be, is not only splendid war work that each of us can undertake conscientionsly and individually—it also has a moral angle. Gossip, more often than not, is unkind. Let us have none of it.—*The Christian Herald.*

Learn to Live

MILLIONS grow old while still young in years, and die long before reaching the Psalmist's limit of life because they never learned to live.

Work, Play, Love and Worshp, as Dr. Richard C. Cabot says, are the four great strands of life. If we don't have these four in proper proportion, life is maimed, incomplete. It dosen't fulfill the Creator's plans for us, and breaks down at some point.

Thousands of men and women are inmates of insane asylums today because work and play were not properly balanced in their lives. They neglected the play strand and lost the rhythm of life—turned it into discord.

No one, however strong he may be, can work every day, year in and year out, with no play, no communion with nature, no variety in his life, without suffering serious loss. He will either get into a rut which will paralyze his finest and best faculties, or he will break down altogether and rob himself of precious years of life.—O. S. Marden.

"Have you seen my dog, Fido, this morning, Mr. Butcher?"

"Seen him? I should think I have. Came in here and chewed on a leg of lamb and then upset a customer into some eggs."

"Really? Well, I wonder if you'd mind putting this 'Lost notice in your window?"